

Whalesong

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University of Alaska Southeast, Juneau Campus

March 12, 1999

Juneau bids Chancellor farewell

By Eric Morrison
Whalesong Reporter

After 12 years of loyal service at UAS, the honorable Chancellor Marshall Lind is moving on to become the Chancellor of UAF. UAS Dean of Faculty John Pugh will succeed Lind as chancellor at the end of this school year.

The many years of service here at UAS have made Lind a favorable administrator, friend, and face around the Juneau campus. He will be departing for his new residence and job in Fairbanks sometime in July.

"This is an opportunity to take on some new challenges," said Lind. "I want to see if there's some things I can do to help out some people in Fairbanks. I'm excited about going."

John Pugh will carry on the tradition of excellence in the chancellor's position here at UAS. Student government President Josh Horst is proud to see Pugh get the position, as somebody has to replace Lind. "It's great news for us to see that John Pugh got the chancellorship," said Horst. "We were concerned that the new chancellor might not understand our personable culture. But that's not a concern now."

There has been many ups and downs in Lind's tenure as a chancellor as well as many challenges faced and addressed. "The biggest challenge is being able to maintain quality programs and a positive attitude in a time of declining revenue," said Lind.

Lind has become a favorite with the students around campus because of his caring and respectful attitude.

"It's always a challenge to remind all the employees here that our main purpose is to serve the students," said Lind. "Students' needs come first around here." Horst and most of the student body will miss Lind when he departs. "I really had mixed emotions about this and I still do, I guess," said Horst. "On a day to day personal basis it's very sad to see him go. Ultimately for the future of UAS and the good of the University system, this is a positive step."

"For those of us who got to work with Marshall, he's a very good leader, mentor, and role model."

-Josh Horst

Education is a very serious issue for Lind, and he has been involved with the students and faculties of Alaska universities for several decades in several different positions. "We ask the students to tell us what they think about the courses," he said. "I can't emphasize enough, for the faculty to pay attention to what the students tell us."

Chancellor Lind has made his mark in the university over the last 12 years, personally and occupationally. "We have developed a nice working relationship

here on this campus, and to leave here is going to be pretty tough. And to have to say goodbye to people I've become friends with is going to be really tough," said Lind. "I'm leaving with a good feeling of what we've accomplished."

Lind has made a lasting impression as the chancellor of this University. "For those of us who got to work with Marshall, he's a very good leader, mentor, and role model," said Horst.

As a leader and a father figure at the university, Lind has touched many people's lives, and in turn they have touched his life. "I have people call me and thank me for having the opportunity to take a course or get a degree. I like hearing these success stories, it's really great," he said. "I like to see the graduates get their diplomas. To see them go through the program and get their degree is what is most important to me."

There will be many new opportunities and challenges for Chancellor Lind as he makes his move to Fairbanks. Lind said, "The biggest challenge will be to help them get their enrollment up. And to do that, we have to let people around the state know what a good institution UAF is. That will be an ongoing process."

While Lind's departure is a tough loss for UAS, it could be a net gain for the University of Alaska as a whole. "The whole state needs to hear that we have got a really good system of higher education throughout the whole state," said Lind. UAF is extremely lucky to have Lind succeed as chancellor of their campus.

SETI program

By Roger Jacobson
Whalesong contributor

Looking at some of our past and present blunders, it would certainly seem that the inhabitants of Earth (terrestrials) could use a bit more intelligence. Perhaps that is why a large crowd showed up Friday night to hear Doctor Jill Cornell Tarter describe her role in the search for extra terrestrial intelligence.

The lecture was held in the Lake Room, yet the Lake Room was not large enough to contain the hundred-plus searchers for extra intelligence. A movie screen was set up in Spike's Cafe, where the spillover sat in a semicircle of chairs, peering into the Lake Room to catch a glimpse of the real-life hero of "Contact."

Doctor Tarter spoke in a pleasant tone, her voice carried to the masses by amplification devices. The screens flashed visuals of galaxies and space stuff, along with background information about the origin of the Universe. There were photos of radio telescope arrays, and projections of proposed telescope arrays. There was an explanation of funding cuts to the SETI (Search for Extraterrestrial Intelligence) Institute, along with reasons why monies should be restored.

Much of the presentation drifted past this observer undigested, yet the spirit of curiosity was imparted by Doctor Tarter.

What if? If intelligent life does exist elsewhere in our galaxy, then we should be able to discern its existence by picking up its intentional or unintentional signals, much as SETI picks up signals

from the Voyager Spacecraft which continues to emit signs of its presence from billions of miles away (from a very low wattage transmitter).

Alpha Centauri is our nearest star (other than the sun), at a distance of 4.34 light years away. SETI scans the 1,000 closest stars, each no more than 200 light years away. Doctor Tarter explained that sound travels at the speed of light out in space, so we've had time to send and receive messages at least to Alpha Centauri, and time to pick up plenty of other signals from the other possible planets.

What would happen if we did pick up a signal? I think it would motivate us as a species to cooperate and move forward toward the challenge of overcoming interstellar space. What does the reader think might occur if we picked up a signal from out there? Jot down your speculation and drop it off at the Whalesong, or e-mail it to jw@whale@acad1.alaska.edu. Use "SETI" as your subject heading. Opinions will be printed in the next issue.

By Anna Salyer
Whalesong contributor

Do the faces in the cafeteria look younger and younger? If you see this group of young faces, don't think you grew old overnight! These are the Early Scholars, Native American students from JDHS who come to the university to participate in a joint educational program between the high school and UAS.

In its third year, the Early Scholars program works towards increasing the graduation

rate of Alaska Native and Native American students at the Juneau-Douglas High School and prepare them for college. The students apply to the program, and those selected have successful middle school backgrounds attaining district academic standards. Besides cultural awareness, study skills, leadership skills, and life management skills, the university adds to their curriculum with an information literacy course and a critical faculty who have been introducing these Early Scholars to the standards and rigors of college work. UAS faculty work closely with JDHS faculty and coordinate assignments and activities to further enhance the learning opportunities.

As the Early Scholars progress through the program, they are eligible to apply for internships with local businesses, group travel to visit other colleges, and scholarship money to attend UAS. They are also encouraged to participate in extra curricular activities and volunteer service opportunities.



The Early Scholars

Photo by Scott Foster



Hey, he looks cute in a towel!

Do you want it? Do you really, really, want it? Dedicated Whalesong Editor-Diva got the pictures you're dying to see... half-naked students in frigid water! See pages 6 & 7

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Letters to the Editor

Response to David Jackson's letter in the February 26 issue of *The Whalesong*.

First off, I would like to thank you for having respect in your school, your work, and our paper. Please find it in you heart to also respect your country and our freedom of speech and freedom of press. Joe is a very opinionated individual. Please realize that this paper is a student forum and a way for all students to express facts, opinions, and ideas. I don't agree with everything that Joe writes, but I respect that he has his own ideas and opinions and the nerve to stand up for what he believes. I believe that you were reading Joe's opinions in the last *Whalesong*, in a negative light due to his review of the play that you worked so hard on, I may be wrong. In my opinion, Joe made some very hot points. I can guarantee that any student who is called a bad student by his/her professor will be hampered by emotionally in their educational experience. Constructive criticism is good, but when it crosses the line there needs to be something done. I respect the student government and have found Josh Horst to be very helpful and kind in my first semester here at UAS. If we don't inquire to know where our money is being spent then we should never complain if we lose any of our basic rights as students in any aspect at this school (my opinion). I am guessing that when you wrote about offending a student writer you were referring to the picture of the *Whalesong* reporter who was saying "I don't care I want to go to film school." Well thank you for standing up in my defense, but it was a direct quote, therefore I can only offend myself. It's not that I don't care, I just have other concerns in my life at this point. I need to concentrate on my studies so that I may one day go to film school keep my mind on my my hopes, goals, and dreams. And to tell you that truth, I was quite flattered when Joe took our inside joke and put in part of his contribution. Please don't take this response in a negative way. I just want you to realize that Joe is just trying to make a difference in his own way, through his own opinion. I respect your opinion and think you have a very well written letter. However, I don't think you fully appreciate his difference in opinion. Please read this newspaper with an open mind and realize we are trying to promote the diversity of this very unique school.

Sincerely,

Eric Morrison

Dear Editor,

If an alien magically landed in the library foyer, the first thing it would see is the *Whalesong*. Flipping through, it would read interesting articles and look at quite a few pictures, and think, "Hey, this school seems pretty neat." But after seeing several issues, it would become clear that UAS consists of about 10 people.

As a student at UAS, it's nice to read and see things in the *Whalesong* that I can relate to, and that most students here can relate to. Unfortunately, it seems that only certain students are ever photographed, and they all happen to either hang out in the student lounge or live in the dorms. The *Whalesong* seems biased, it seems to only acknowledge certain people as worthy to grace its pages. Are these people the sole supporters of UAS? Of course not. There are some that never make it over to the *Whalesong* office or the cafeteria or the dorms, people who may be older than 20 who come to school in order to go to class. I'm not saying that those featured in the paper should not be, I'm just saying that there are so many more people out there, people that don't belong to the *Whalesong* clique, people that aren't necessarily good friends with the Editor. These folks are also students, the issues you write about are also their issues. It would be refreshing to open the *Whalesong* and see a new face.

Just a thought,
Emily Westcott

Ed's note: Thank you for pointing out what is, unfortunately, a reality of student journalism. Many of our stories and photo spreads focus on campus and student events and activities. These opportunities tend to be attended by a small, core group of students. Thus, the same students show up in feature story photos.

When I run around campus looking for victims for the student polls or "filler photos" most people run screaming. I get a few overly-modest reactions ("Oh, you couldn't possibly put little-old-me in the newspaper."), but mostly, people just resent having their picture taken and their work or conversation interrupted. These pictures aren't worth making people uncomfortable. If someone freaks out about it, I just won't run their picture. Student government members, housing residents, and yes, my own friends are constantly willing and convenient subjects.

Every story we run, not submitted by members of the Newspaper Practicum class or regular contributors, requires absurd amounts of prodding, reminding, and downright harrassment from me. Other people love to tell me they want to write something, but they rarely come through.

That said: I am constantly delighted to receive contributions from students, staff, and faculty members. I get excited every time I find something new in our drop box or e-mail account. If there is anything you feel is missing from our pages, please let us know about it, or even contribute it yourself. The drop-box is located outside the Whalesong office downstairs in the Mourant Building. Our e-mail address is JYWHALE@uas.alaska.edu.

Sorry, Kim for the misunderstanding caused by your tongue-in-cheek Haines photo.

Whalesong

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The *Whalesong* editorial staff assumes no responsibility for the content of material written by non-staff members. The views and opinions contained in this paper in no way represent the University of Alaska and reflect only those of the author(s). The editorial staff is solely responsible for content.

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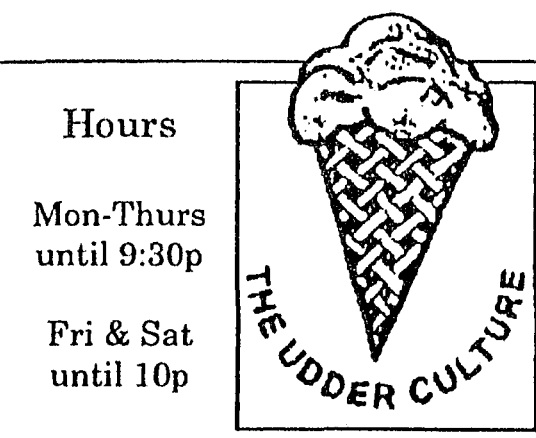
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Shade-grown coffee and Clancy

by Cherilyn Johnson
Whalesong Reporter

A few steps away from the cafeteria's gymnasium atmosphere lies an oasis of warmth and intimacy, an oasis where the life-giving liquid is not water but coffee. Although the cafeteria noises--dishes clattering, glasses clinking, names called out for order pick-up, and the occasional disastrous crash of a filled tray falling--can still be heard, they echo faintly, like a problem I don't have to think about right now. This is Spike's, campus coffee shop, where voices mingle like waters in a stream. Random comments surface, fingerlings leaping in a mystifying dance.

"Hey beautiful, what's my phone number?"

A multi-level ceiling and wood paneling help give Spike's its air of intimacy. The cafe feels comforting and womb-like, a mini-retreat from the day's obligations. The overstuffed couch looks inviting, but the forbidding notice on the wall reads, "Please, no drinks on couch." How tempting it is to think of purchasing a hot bittersweet drink and relaxing on the couch's plump cushions.

It's no accident that Spike's suggests an atmosphere of intimacy and escape. Throughout their history, coffee bars have offered their clientele far more than just good coffee. Peter Wortsman, in his *Washington Post* article "Something's Brewing in Vienna," calls "the classic coffeehouse ... [a] civilized refuge from civilization." Vienna's coffee heritage includes the Cafe Central on the Herrengasse, where Lenin and Trotsky in exile played chess and plotted over fragrant cups of dark brew.

"Looks like the kid's hanging by his neck."

Starbucks, the company primarily responsible for the past decade's proliferation of the espresso phenomenon, followed this historic example and created a model for modern coffee bars to follow. In his book *Pour Your Heart Into It*, Starbucks Chairman and CEO Howard Schultz says, "Starbucks strikes an emotional chord with people. ... In some communities, Starbucks stores have become a Third Place--a comfortable, sociable gathering spot away from home and work, like an extension of the front porch."

Spike's is my "Third Place." Menus are posted on the wall, but most of us who come here know what we want. A box of cards on the counter holds names of addicts;

the image of a tiny cup marks off each drink purchased until a free drink is earned. My card is in the box along with the others. What bliss it is to be on campus with an empty pocket and a caffeine attack, and to realize that you are due for your free one!

Spike's manager Ian Grant says he and other Spike's employees soon grow familiar with the clientele and their individual addictions--"You see the same faces all the time, so you don't have to ask anymore." He knows by now who wants soy milk and who wants the real thing.

An astute observer could learn much about my life by studying what I order. My regular drink is a 12-ounce latte. If my coffee budget is running low, I order an inexpensive Americano. If I'm having a bad day, I order a mocha, and the genie behind the counter always asks me if I want whipped cream on top. What a silly question. If I am going to indulge in a mocha, then naturally I want the creamy sweet cloud nesting on top of the rich dark blend of coffee and chocolate.

"Muskeg bootie!"

Spike's menu starts with espresso.

Americanos are espressos with hot water added; you get the full coffee taste without getting your ears blown off. Cappuccinos are espressos with a layer of foam on top. Lattes are half espresso and half steamed milk with foam, and vary greatly in strength depending on who's working behind the bar. Breves are lattes made with half and half, and mochas are lattes made with steamed chocolate milk. White mochas, of course, are made with white chocolate. Grant says the most exotic drink Spike's sells is probably "Chai"--a blend of black tea, honey, and spices, mixed with milk and served hot. It tastes a little like eggnog. Starbucks offers a seasonal drink called an eggnog latte, which is just what it sounds like. But adventurous souls in search of truly exotic coffee drinks should travel to Vienna, where they can discover the ingredients of the *mazagran*, the *einspanner*, the *turkischer*, and the *melange*.

"Robed or disrobed?"

To learn more about espresso, ask a coffee fanatic like Bob Kummerfeld. On his home page, Kummerfeld introduces himself as "an Associate Professor and head of the Basser Department of Computer Science, University of Sydney." He lists his interests as coffee, jazz, and rowing, in that order, and his Web site features photos of his favorite coffee shops, as well as the cappuccino machine in his department. Kummerfeld has put together "An Espresso

Timeline," for which he cites Ambrogio Fumagalli's book *Coffeemakers* as authority.

According to "An Espresso Timeline," the first true espresso machine was invented in 1901. The machine differed from previous coffeemakers in that it forced steam and boiling water through the ground coffee. In 1927, Regio's in New York City installed America's first espresso machine, based on the 1901 model. In 1938 a new model was developed that forced hot, not boiling, water through the coffee, resulting in improved flavor. In 1961 the system was refined again, regulating water temperature to an optimum 200° F., twelve degrees lower than boiling point. Kummerfeld says most modern espresso machines are based on the 1961 model.

Spike's smells of espresso; tantalizing aromas float in the air. The cafeteria odor of frying food intrudes, but the strong coffee perfume prevails. Coffee art decorates the walls. The inverted cone of the coffee grinder sits above the red espresso machine that dominates the counter. A choir of bottles, colored like jewels, sings silently on the counter, waiting to add just a drop of extra flavor to a steaming cup. But why bother? For me, coffee is all. Schultz says the first Starbucks store he ever entered struck him as "a temple for the worship of coffee." Amen; I am a true believer.

"Where's your clone at?"

Some of us may worship coffee now, but drinking coffee hasn't always been a moral thing to do. At his Web site called "All Dressed in Black," Michael Rene Barrick tells the story of Bach's "Coffee Cantata," about a woman who defied her husband and her society in order to continue drinking the bewitching brew. In more recent times, coffee has become a political rather than a moral issue. In the 1980s, people with tender social consciences boycotted coffee in order to show support for exploited coffee workers. In the enlightened '90s, coffee lovers and coffee sellers have discovered ways to make the controversial bean politically correct.

"Have you seen my wife around?"

Politically correct coffee comes in three varieties: fair-trade, organic, and shade-grown. Jennifer McLean has posted her master's level research paper on the topic on the Internet. Let me paraphrase her scholarly work: fair-trade coffee ensures a fair price to the coffee producer; organic coffee benefits the health of the consumer; shade-grown coffee claims to be environmentally sound and "bird-friendly."

Socially informed coffee consciences come in different flavors nowadays as well. An organization called "Coffee Kids," its supporters harvested "from all areas of the coffee industry and beyond, including growers, importers, roasters, retailers, and individual coffee drinkers," has been established to "improve the quality of life for children and families who live where coffee is grown." The Guatemala Labor Education Project encourages U.S.-based coffee companies such as Starbucks to set "minimum standards for wages and working conditions that must be met by plantations from which they buy coffee," and to adopt "codes of conduct for the suppliers." First United Church, in the community of Port Credit near Mississauga, Ontario, encourages its members to purchase fair-trade coffee, which has been "independently monitored to ensure that it has been produced under sound environmental and 'just' conditions." My ecologically and socially aware son, trying to reconcile his conscience with his "only vice," is careful to buy only shade-grown coffee even though

it strains his limited budget. "I love the ritual of it," he says, "grinding the beans, putting the coffee in the French press."

Starbucks founders Gerald Baldwin, Zev Siegl, and Gordon Bowker sold America on the coffee ritual, along with coffee's rich tradition and the coffee bar's intimate atmosphere. They sold coffee sophisticated--what some might call snob appeal--and current CEO Schultz continues what they began. Schultz says, "If you offer [customers] something they're not accustomed to, something so far superior that it takes a while to develop their palates, you can create a sense of discovery and excitement and loyalty that will bond them to you." That's exactly what Starbucks has done, and that's one reason why people are willing to pay two dollars and up for a cup of joe.

The other reason is the beans. Prior to the opening of the first Starbucks store in Seattle in 1971, most coffee sold in America came from light-roasted robusta beans. Robusta beans are cheaper than the higher grades, and light roasting keeps coffee yield high. American consumers were sacrificing true coffee taste in order to line the pockets of coffee distributors. The system worked great as long as the consumer remained uneducated about how coffee was supposed to taste.

But then Starbucks came along and started selling coffee brewed from dark-roasted arabica beans, and America encountered a whole new coffee flavor. Schultz says, "By comparison, I realized, the coffee I had been drinking was swill."

One of the Starbucks founders, Baldwin, discovered the lure of dark-roasted coffee while living in Berkeley in 1966. He frequented a coffee house run by a Dutchman named Alfred Peet, "the son of an Amsterdam coffee trader," Schultz says. Barrick claims coffee house history truly began in the early 17th century when sea traders from the tiny country of Holland introduced coffee to Europe. The Dutch, therefore, are responsible for Western civilization's first introduction to coffee and also for the coffee renaissance of the 20th century. Three cheers for the Dutch, I say.

"Blood, sweat, and tears."

Spike's is full of music. I never know what I'll hear from the CD player behind the counter. Each Spike's employee has his or her own favorite music style. I've heard

Continued, page 9

Computing Services Seminars for March

Friday, March 5th
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Friday, March 12th
Polis & Caucus

Friday, March 19th
Intro to PowerPoint

Friday, March 26th
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The world is our campus!

Be an example at student housing

By Eric Morrison
Whalesong Reporter

Some situations can get out of control and spiral into a force of negative energy that affects the well being of people's lives, simply because of a misinterpretation of a situation. I had one of these types of situations last week that frustrated, angered and disappointed me, just because of a misinterpretation.

During a weekday "social gathering" (as Timi Hough, director of student housing, calls them) at my student housing apartment, a situation erupted that could have been avoided if fully understood by both parties. I admit, we were drunk and making too much noise past the quiet hours, but the action taken by the community advisor was unacceptable in my opinion.

It was about 2 AM, and my roommate and I were singing a song we wrote together, for the entertainment of our guests, when all of a sudden a C.A. appeared out of nowhere in the middle of our apartment. I was shocked and dismayed by the situation and had to do a double take to see what was really going on. How the C.A. got there is still an open debate, and no one has the same story. The C.A. said she was let in by a guest who was leaving; the guest says that is a lie. At the time I felt very violated and I was furious. My anger got the best, and I used words that were deemed "harassing and abusive". I did not make any threats or even personalize the accusations. I simply stated "this is bullshit" repeatedly. And because of my choice of words, I got a very offensive letter the next day, even when I used these words in my own home.

Everything's all good though. I talked with Timi about what happened and got the situation resolved and I got to hear the C.A.'s report of what happened. I guess I almost brought the C.A. to tears, and for that I apologize. I guess I could have been a little more respectful, and understanding to what she was trying to do. But in the same respect, she could have been more respectful to my roommates and me. So the point of this whole commentary is to open up the lines of communication between the residents and the community advisors so that we can all find a mutual respect for one another. The power trips and abusive behavior (by both sides) are getting ridiculous and way out of hand. Both sides need to think about the examples that we are setting, and if we don't resolve this quickly, then it will get a lot worse before it gets better. Every resident of student housing should use proper behavior, and use at least moderately good human qualities with good intentions. Lets just try to be decent and respectable college students and human beings.

Computer Tips & Tricks

By Scott Linzmier
UAS Computer Lab Manager

Take out the trash

Deleting old and unwanted e-mail messages will protect your e-mail account from freezing up and allow your messages to load faster. When you access e-mail, all your message headers must be loaded into the computer's memory; if those message headers exceed the amount of available memory, you could be locked out.

Did you know that when you delete an e-mail message, it doesn't actually go away? It's simply moved to your trash folder. When you access your e-mail, all those message headers in the trash are loaded into memory. To actually remove unwanted messages, you must take out your trash.

To take out your trash, go to the message center. The message center is located under the Lighthouse icon on Macs, and the Communicator menu on PCs. Once there, select your trash folder, click the file menu and choose "empty trash folder." Now your unwanted messages are irretrievably deleted.

Organize your E-mail

Many students, staff, and faculty have dozens of e-mail messages sitting in their inboxes. Why not organize all those messages in topic folders? Topic folders will allow you to store all your messages from your classes, friends, and family in their own folders. To create a folder, go to the Message Center (located under the lighthouse icon on Macs and the Communicator menu on PCs). Highlight the "mail.uas.alaska.edu" icon. Then click the "New Folder" button on the menu bar. Type in the name you want to title your folder (i.e. Classes, Friends, Family), and then press enter. Now you can drag and drop all the messages from your classes, friends, and family into those folders. Make a folder for each topic or person, put related messages into those folders, and your e-mail messages will be well-organized and easy to find.

To view your messages from the messenger inbox, simply click the inbox button on the toolbar and a folder list will drop down. On Macintosh computers, you will need to go to the Message Center to "refresh" your folder list. After you have done that, you will be able to view your folders in the Messenger Inbox.



"The Studier" linocut by Roger Jacobson

Hast never come to thee an hour,
A sudden gleam divine, precipitating, bursting all these,
bubbles, fashions, wealth?
—Walt Whitman

I sit and wonder, who am I?
A vision flashed across my sky.
I saw my life amidst a cloud.
A voice began to speak aloud.
I saw my life amidst a haze.
A very eerie, confusing daze.
Then a light began to blaze.
And then I knew it was just a faze.
"You built a castle within your heart.
But when the tide came in, it was torn apart.
You organized a guest within your mind.
But when it began, you were left behind.
You built a shelter within your brain,
but even that couldn't withstand the pain.
All you could do was give up and complain.
You never tried to live as a whole.
You never tried to construct your soul.
You need to take your time to reflect,
life is a challenge, there's not much more to expect.
Rebuild the castle within your heart.
Don't let yourself tear it apart."
As I sit and think about who I am,
the cloud I've seen is like a priceless gem.
Young Male Poet



Photos
courtesy
Rose
Mercurief



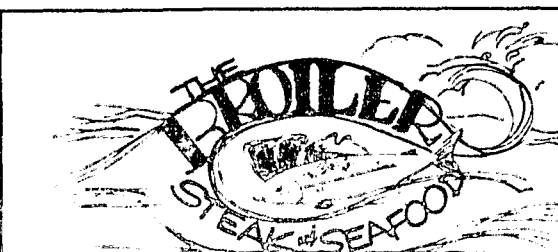
Screen Print

To save a picture of part of the screen in a PICT file, press **⌘-Shift-4**. Then drag across the part of the screen you want to make into a picture.

To constrain the capture area to a square, keep the **Shift** key pressed as you drag.

When you release the mouse, a file named **Picture 1** is created on the startup disk. Additional pictures are numbered **Picture 2**, **Picture 3**, and so on. You can open the picture in the **SimpleText** application or in any application that reads **PICT** files.

Do this step, then you're done.



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Math 108	Mon 12-12:50	Thur 1-1:50
Math 200	Tues 11-11:50	Thur 9-9:50
Math 201	Mon 11-11:50	Wed 12-12:50
Math 131	Mon 2-2:50	Tues 2-2:50

EGAN LIBRARY RM101 465-6348

Students and administrators who



On your marks... get set...

Photo by Martha Hill



Go!!!...

Photo by Martha Hill



Cowabunga!

Photo by Martha Hill

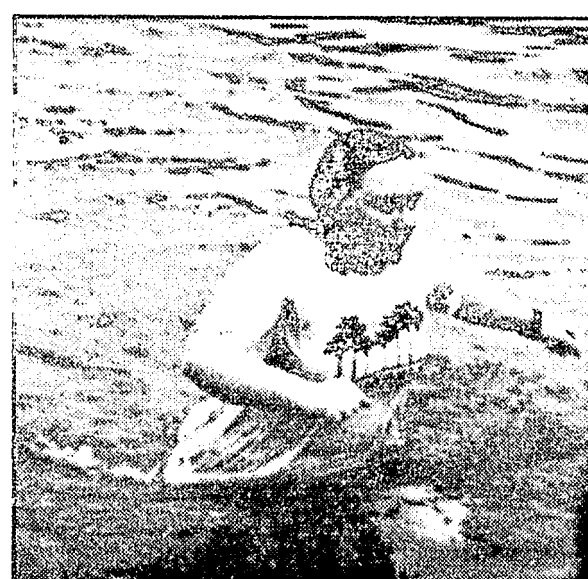


Photo by Amelia Jenkins

I wonder if this is worth extra credit for the Fisheries Program



Campus Adonis

Photo by Amelia Jenkins



Photo by Amelia Jenkins

Campus Adonis #2
Who does Number two work for ??

were not afraid to take the plunge!

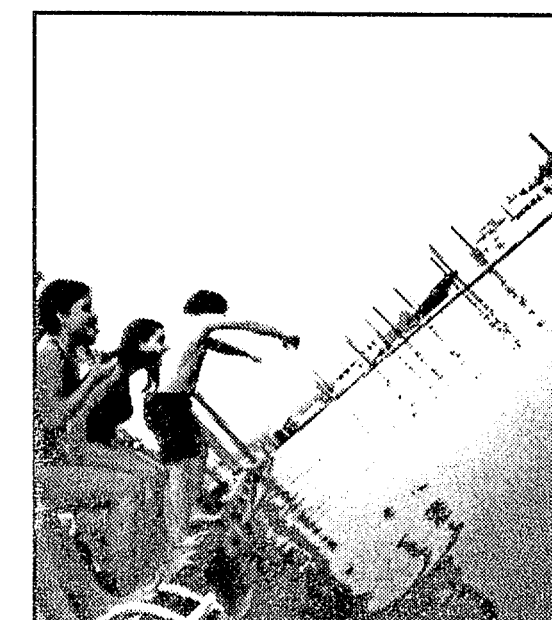


Photo by Roger Jacobson

Here we go!



Photo by Roger Jacobson

It's already too late for some of you to turn back..



Photo by Roger Jacobson

Wheel!

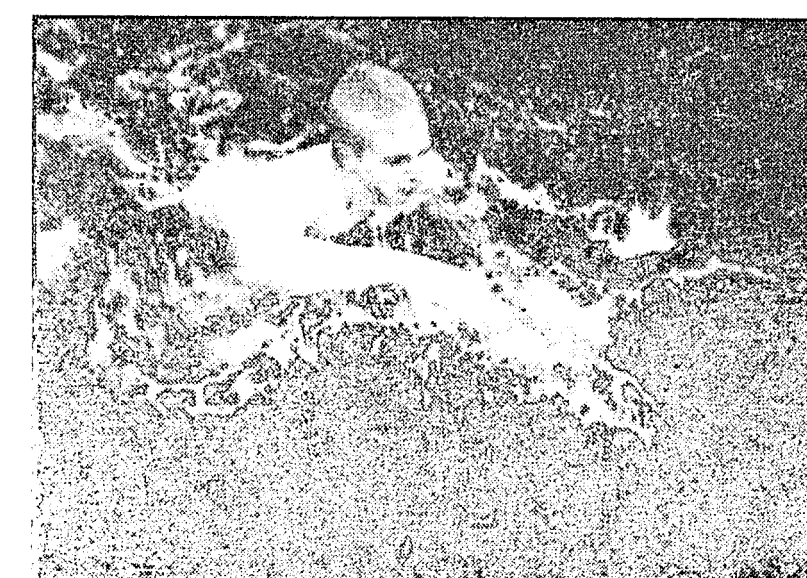


Photo by Roger Jacobson

The faster you swim the sooner you're back in the warm, sunny air.



Photo by Amelia Jenkins

He survived to smile about it!



Photo by Roger Jacobson

>>Splash!<<



Photo by Roger Jacobson

"Oh brrr... Oh my goodness... oh my..." -Elizabeth



Photo by Martha Hill

Bet you didn't think he would really go through with it, did you?

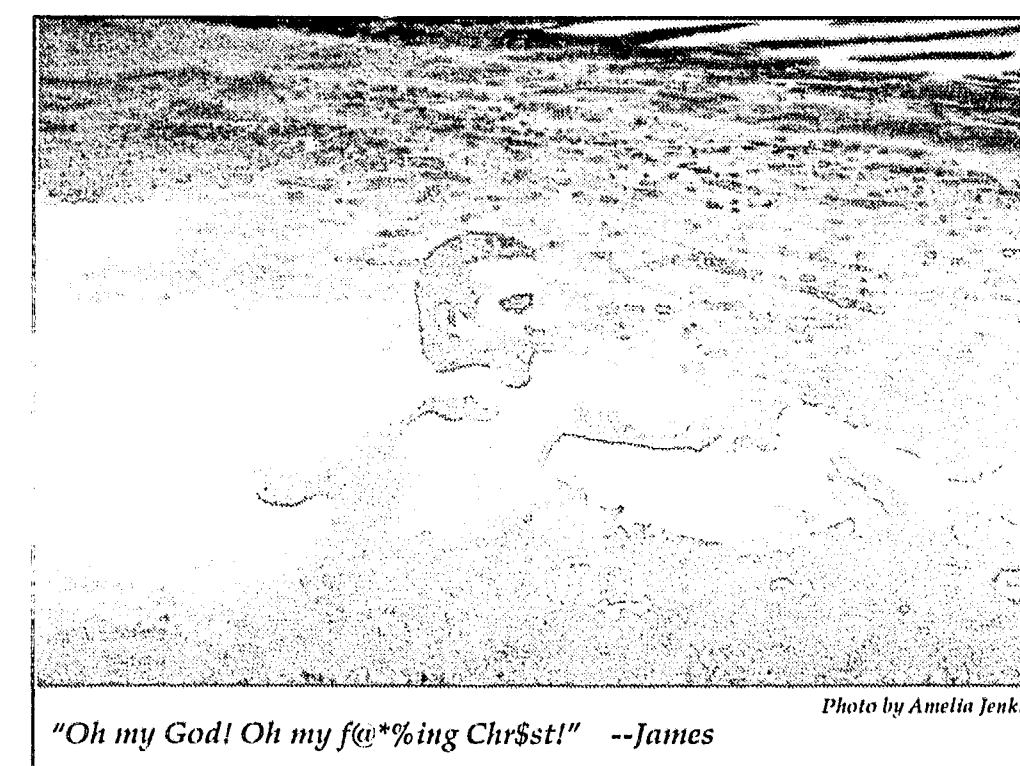


Photo by Amelia Jenkins

"Oh my God! Oh my fee*%ing Chr\$t!" --James

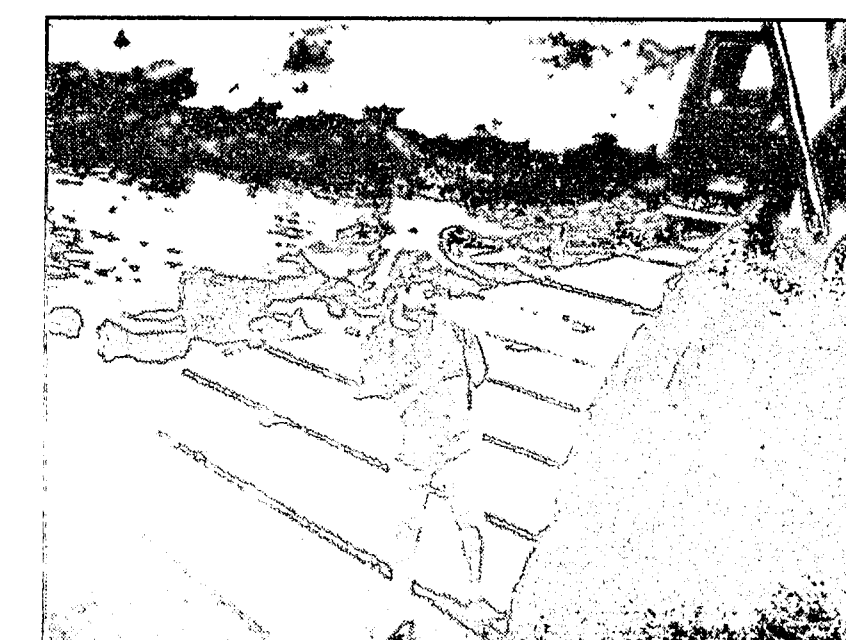
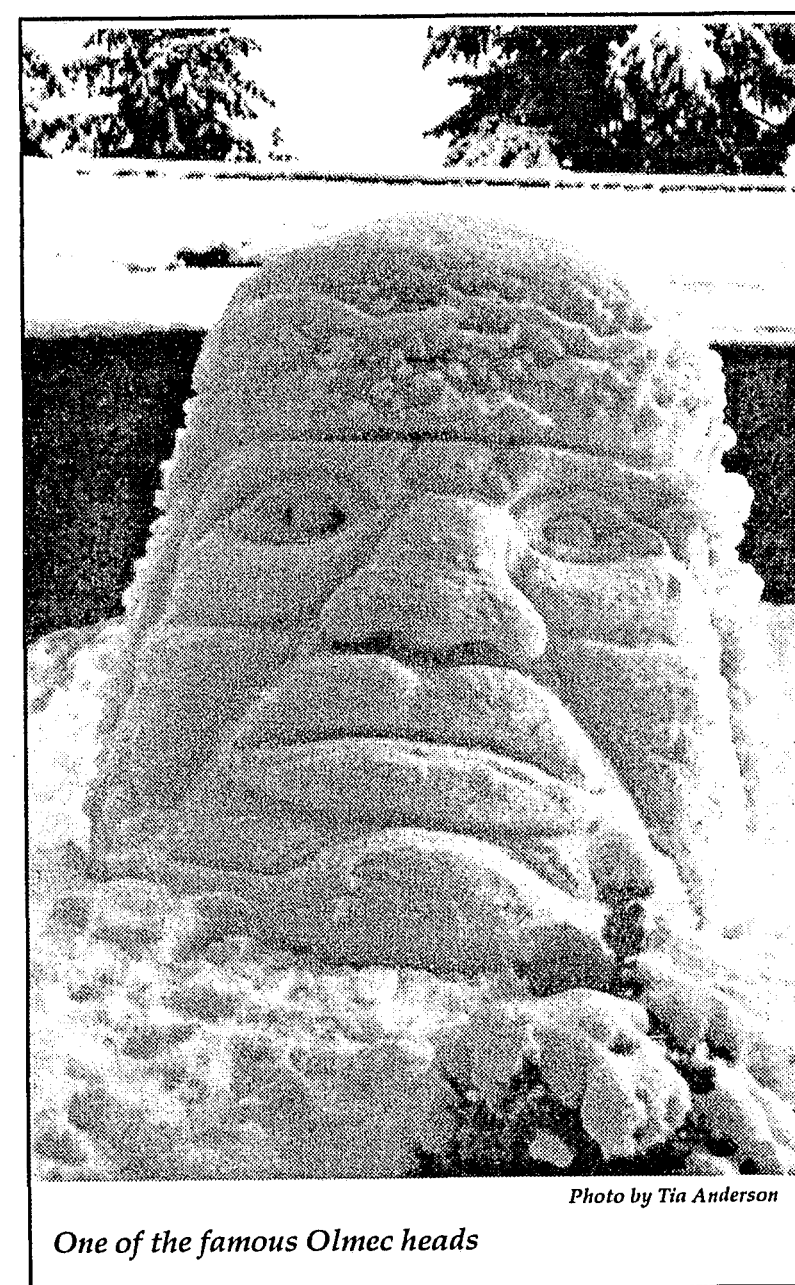
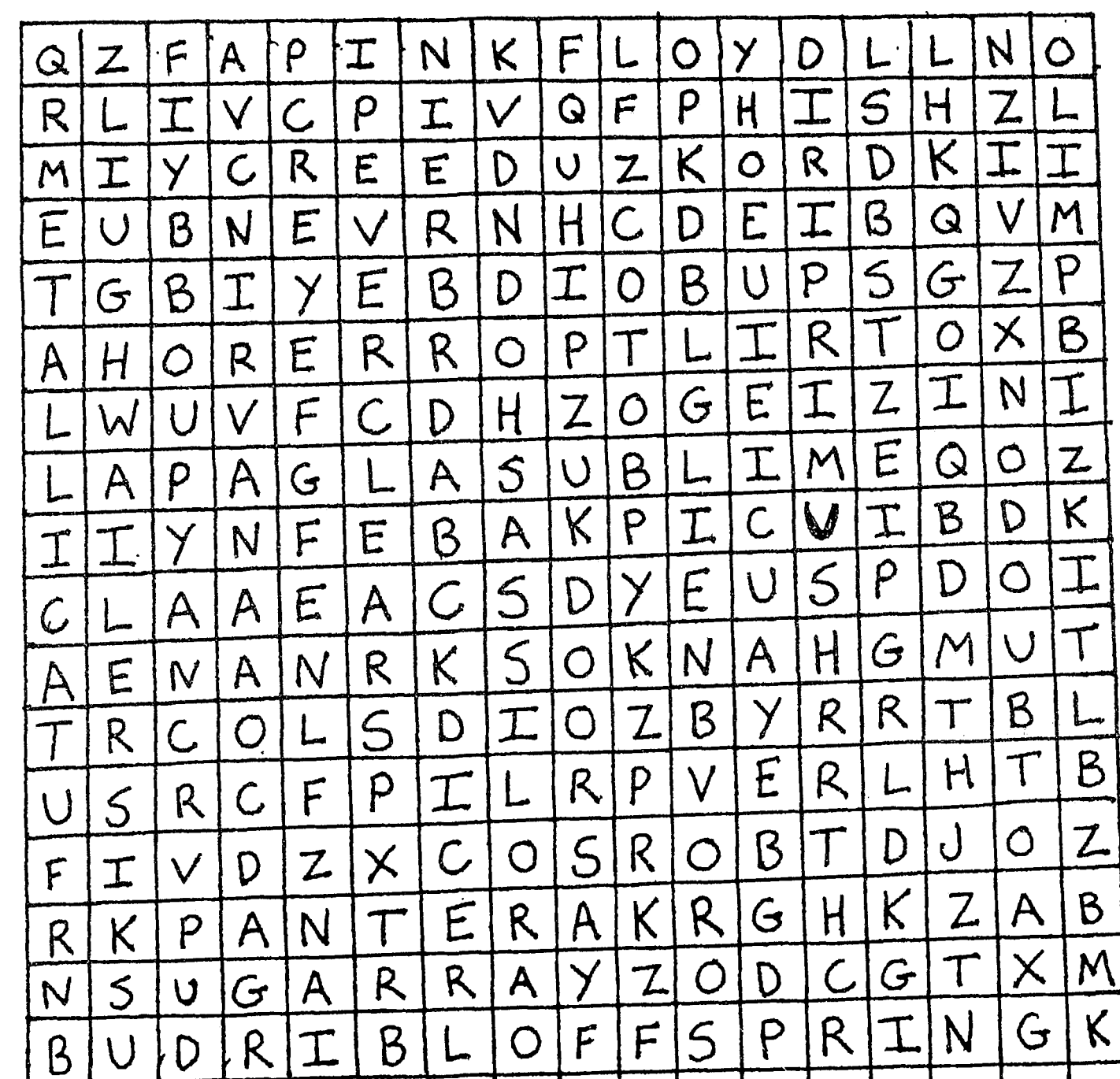


Photo by Amelia Jenkins

"Ooh...brrr...I'm not so sure about this..." -Alex

Find 20 band names



One of the famous Olmec heads

Photo by Tim Anderson

Everclear, Sublime, Primus, Nirvana, Pearl Jam, Doors, Sugar Ray, Pink Floyd, Wailers, NOFX, Hole, CREED, Limp Bizkit, Phish, Poison, Metallica, No Doubt, OFFSPRING, Pantera, Lynyrd Skynyrd

Thanks, Mama bear and Papa bear for all the yummy food, beverages, sparkling conversation, and of course for the vodka. I only regret that I have but one life to live in New Jersey!



PERSEVERANCE THEATRE
PRESENTS
Goblin Market
By Polly Pen and Peggy Haman
March 12-April 11
Thurs., Fri., Sat., & Sun.
Pay-As-You-Can
Wed. March 24th at 7:30pm
An enchanting musical tale
Adapted from the poem by Christina Rossetti
Tickets at Hearthside Books
Or at the Perseverance Theatre door.



Queen Morgan and King Mike are royalty at the Renaissance Faire

Photo by Verity Gidger

Spike's cont'd

Continued from page 3

Beastie Boys, Bob Dylan, Sarah McLachlan, and Arlo Guthrie. Occasionally I've heard classic jazz, long-dead masters singing scat. But whatever is on the speakers, Spike's generates a music of its own. Voices, laughter, and coughing provide a light melody above insistent percussion. Pens drum on paper and chair legs rock against the floor, laying down a steady rhythm punctuated by a periodic "boom!" as the door between Mourant and Novatney slams shut. Hiss goes the coffee beans into the grinder. Rip goes the sound of tearing paper. Hiss—the espresso machine brews another cup of coffee. Rip—someone strips the cellophane off a sandwich. Scrape, as a chair pushes back from a table. A shower of change falls into the cash drawer, and the cash register chatters. A backpack zips; a thump and a clang sound from behind the counter as the genie cleans the coffee machine, and I feel the wall shudder under my shoulder as the outer door slams.

Music goes with coffee bars like cream goes with coffee. Wortsman says Vienna's oldest coffee house, the Frauenhuber, once hosted Beethoven as a guest musician. Schultz remembers finding "a solo violinist playing Mozart ... his violin case open for donations" at the entrance of the first Starbucks store he ever visited. Spike's sometimes hosts live musical performances, but the air is usually full of music from the new stereo system. Grant credits the new system with drawing more customers into the cafe this semester. Each person that works behind the bar brings in his or her own favorite music to play on the new stereo. When Grant is working, the music shifts to reflect his mood—"blues and jazz in the mornings," he says, and something with more energy in the afternoons. Sometimes customers bring in music or request favorites.

"There's Mt. Vesuvius, right there."

People sit in Spike's as the salt and pepper shakers sit on the table tops—some alone, some in twos, some in clusters. Clancy, for some reason, is always surrounded by women. Bora sits alone smiling a secret smile. I watch a slender back sway to the music. Some people study, or try to. At the computer monitors that line the counter space, some people surf the net and others play computer solitaire. Some people gaze out the window at the view of mountain and lake. Those on a search for wisdom learn all they need to know about life by reading the Star Wars poster, inspired by Yoda's serene, intent gaze. "Try not. Do, or do not. There is no 'try'."

I come to Spike's to be alone in the midst of a crowd, to concentrate on homework to a musical counterpoint, to indulge in a cup of coffee in the middle of a long day. I feel the smooth table top under my elbow. The corner of my notebook scratches my arm. I feel the smooth pen in my fingers, the hard wooden chair under my rump, the edge of the chair against the backs of my thighs. The toe of my snow boot presses against the table's supporting pedestal. I hear distant echoing voices from the far cafeteria. The smooth paper cup is warm under my fingertips; the smooth milk-and-coffee latte tastes slightly bitter to my tongue. The last swallow is cold—it's time to leave. "Bye, Clancy!"

Stealing Poetry

There was thin walls between us.
The cocktails were illustrious

Illusive
Instructive
Illustrative.

Simple things became valuable.
We were in bed.

A wimple went between us.
It wasn't just right.
But went on by before
You touched my hand.
France doesn't have enough money in all its banks to pay for that feeling.

Luck itself isn't as lucky.
Your skin is yards of precious cargo,
And my fingers are a company of trucking.
You are a train of unrest
I'm the ticket taker
You are the conductor
I'm the steel wheels.
You are the desert
I am the mesa
I'm a cactus
You are an oasis.
One brush of the wind coming off your anterior myfortis,
Is like a ten-ton fire alarm going off at party headquarters.

Robot

Bird vs. Dolphin

I can take it to the sky why you wanna try to harass me for eating worms I take my time when I spread sperm from tree to tree pollinating artistically eventually you'll see what the Bird do maybe you don't know my flow is past your curfew I don't wanna hurt you first to burp n chirp you speed up wings cupped when I serve you it's biological when I evolve another time another place another mystery solved as the globe revolves release my droppings in exalt proper position for unstoppable drippings with a bird's eye view who knew what the Bird could do and when I do it you pop-pop drop-drop I just can't be stopped-stopped

But you can fathom the deep seas to peep me going at speeds to make you nauseous n sleepy row row your boat and you dreamin if you think you can beat me defeat me I'm so nautical philosophers no poets seek me for knowledge though they never find it because it's hidden on another plane in another climate and when I sleep my mind gets a lil bit clearer and that light I can barely see gets a lil bit nearer if you never been this deep you should not speak Dolphin streamlined sublime with a fin streak laughin n passin without collidin n crashin imagine a reality you used to see about a time when you couldn't move because you were masterful Dolphin's Word is true.

--ZHR

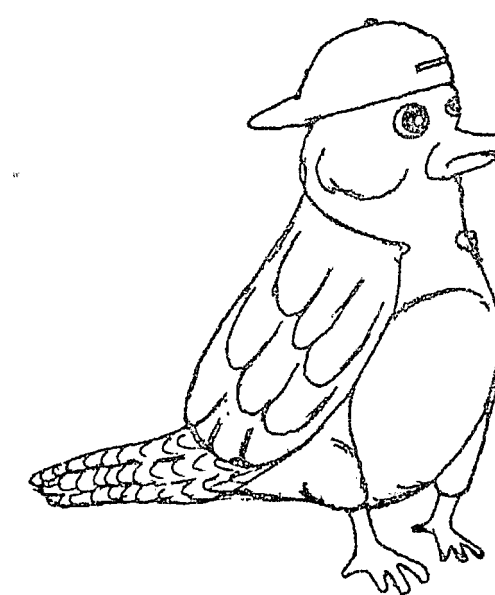


Photo by Amelia Jenkins
Eetwwo!!

Computing Services Seminars for April

Friday, April 2nd
Intro to Excel

Friday, April 9th
Intro to Word

Friday, April 16th
Intro to Internet

Friday, April 23rd
Intro to PowerPoint

Friday, April 30th
Scanning and Imaging

Stop by the Computer Lab and sign up today!

Da Bomb!!
Call 586-8333 for killer hair!
We buy UAS students! Flash your Student ID and receive special student rates!

CNN or Dawson's Creek?

We ask students about the new TV in the cafeteria



I think it's good. It needs to be louder.
-Oneika



I think it's a great way to get information, especially news which I don't get around here.
-Tricia

They need to put it on the cartoon channel or the Disney Channel - something happy.
-Sarah

I just noticed it was there.
-Jennifer



Looks like it's for a hospital or a mental asylum
-Jeff

It hasn't bothered me at all. I don't watch much TV at home so I don't watch here.
-Jason



It's ok. I changed it to the History Channel.
-Rob

Dream a little dream of spring

By the Dream Scientist

RIDE YOUR SUBCONSCIOUS TRAIN
.....FREE TICKETS IN THE WHALESONG

We all have dreams. Some say they don't but what they mean is they don't recall them. A few brag of never dreaming, believing it's better to get uninterrupted sleep, yet they deny themselves the chance to know something very nifty, their true self. Ce la vee. The dream scientist's hard data shows that there is a correlation between people who have cool dreams and cool people. So let the dreams begin.

Dear dream scientist,
In my dream, I'm stuck in a flood.
Wet Dreams

Dear Wet Dreams,
Your feelings about your mother are overwhelming you. It's time to let go of what your mother thinks or would think or thinking about your mother and become your own person.

Dear dream scientist,
In my dream, I go in a house, it's all white on the outside, somewhat sterile, a heater in the basement keeps the house warm. My friends are in the house dressed in medieval garb. I turn into a knight. It was fun.
Nubile and volatile,

Dear Nubie,

It could be the obvious, your unconscious thinks you should move out of your parents house to increase your experience base. Or it could be something more psychological, your creativity needs something from other parts of yourself to mature and find its best form of expression. What could that something be? Well, my best guess is a supportive but challenging peer group. Could be a you need a tangible goal. It could be the knight represents gallantry or nobility and that's what you need. Could be your male side; aggressiveness, competitiveness, rationality and a tendency to look for differences; needs more expression in your conscious life. Maybe you just need a monarch to tap you on the shoulder. You are enjoying your dreams though and this is wonderful. Dream on.

Dear dream scientist,
In my dream, I'm a reporter driving around with the EMT. They go to a fire. A boy is inside a burning house. None of the EMT does anything so I throw a ladder on the side of the house with much crunching and debasement, save the boy and get a kiss from his mom.

Getting Hot Between The Dreams

Dear Getting It,

Do you still have a crush on your aunt? This could be a part of your dream's meaning. The fire is a big thing though in dream world. Very hot, as the other dream scientists would say at dream scientists' seminars. Means you need a change. The boy is definitely your innocence or pure self. Your unconscious is telling you something in the real world; your job, your relationship with someone else or group of people, your drinking possibly, is burning up your youthful energy. Or something in your unconscious is doing it, guilt feelings, anxiety, or encroaching maturity come to mind. Whatever the case, I hope you realize your unconscious is telling you something and you are the best one to interpret it.

FYI

Dreams can heal and make you whole. The way to become whole is start to heal. Listen to your dreams and they will give you signals, clues, direct statements, etc. Write down your dreams, study them, send them to theWhalesong and go take a nap. Dream on.

College Reflections

By A. Riter
Whalesong Contributor

Builders build, cooks cook, teachers teach and students study. Why is this difficult to comprehend, that students study? What does it mean to study?

A man was hired on a construction job and went to the foreman for instructions. The foreman said, "I'm busy. Go find something to do." So the man found a stack of boards, and all day long he carried the boards back and forth across the site, stacking them in one place, then restacking them in another place.

Being a student is like being self-employed. There are tasks to complete, yet no one is scheduling your time. Perhaps school is preparing students for self-employment.

An apprentice builder is given more complex tasks by the master builder as s/he demonstrates progressive mastery. A day will arrive when the apprentice has demonstrated competence in every endeavor the master has given, at which point the apprentice will become a master. The house built by a master builder will not collapse.

The abstract quality of student life makes it difficult to know when mastery has been achieved. At what point does the student become a master? What "building" is the master constructing, and what tasks are assigned by the master to the student/apprentice? Are students demonstrating progressive mastery, or are they like the man who spent his day moving boards from one stack to another? Does a Master's Degree signify that one has learned all that the master has to teach? What does it mean to have a Bachelor's Degree? The dictionary defines bachelor as: 1. An unmarried man. 2. A person who has completed the undergraduate curriculum of a college or university and holds a bachelor's degree. Can a man be married and be a bachelor simultaneously? Should married men attend college, knowing they might end up unmarried? How about an Associate Degree? What is one "associated" with? Then there's the Ph.D., or "Philosophiae Doctor" (Latin for Doctor of Philosophy). Would you want a philosopher removing your appendix? Not me.

Why have practitioners of medicine become associated with the term "doctor?" The dictionary points out that "doctor" is an informal term applying to those who practice medicine. The Middle English, French and Latin forms of doctor reflect an expert, an authority, a teacher.

All asides aside, is the student the apprentice who is demonstrating progressive mastery in order to become a master of a set of knowledge which will allow him or her to build something which will not collapse? Can the abstract life of the student be analogized into the concrete life of the builder? Why not? What might this abstract structure look like if it were made concrete? Would it look like a Dr. Seuss figgetelwiggit castle in the sky, or would it be squared, leveled and plumbed? How does one know if it is standing or if it has collapsed? If it were a real building, time and the forces of nature would determine if the structure were sound. The abstract building is assaulted by different forces, perhaps the "yahbuts" of others. If the structure can withstand the forces of "yahbut," might it be considered sound? What if it has collapsed, yet the builder denies that it has collapsed? Who will know?

There seems to be more questions than answers in the world of the abstract.

Why You Are Miserable (And Miserable To Be Around)

You don't like yourself
So you find fault in someone else
Does this ease the pain
Or make you just more pathetic?

How convenient I'm such a mess
You look over
Instead of confess
A task far too great for one who perfects denial.
Preaching what's right
In vocabulary trite.

Whine whine whine
Oh the pain
To live and see
All the messed up people; my neighbor, teacher,
kids, husband, wife.
If they just had as much sense as me.

Have you ever considered
You are miserable because you are miserable
Have you ever considered
You need therapy.

-The Blue Collar Scholar

Spring fever in your horoscope

By Effin Wright
Whalesong Contributor

Pisces (Feb 20-Mar 20) So you think you're the "Bobo Rosh" of UAS. Well, hey, more power to you. Life could be worse but I doubt if you'll let it get that far. A word to the wise: Don't roto-till the ground you walk on because you never know what you'll dig up. Somethings are better left in the ground. If you really want an inside look just ask the powers of the universe to change you into an earthworm. Actually that might benefit you in your endeavors. Incorporate it into your life, Bobo.

Aries (Mar 21-Apr 19) Well, your ship is coming in soon. However, it appears to be half full of water. What you need to do is get out that brainiac bilge pump to expell half of the libubrious mass between your ears that you've learned along the way you know you're never going to use. It's just taking up uable space. The tricky part is to have enough sense to choose the right info to delete. Get rid of youor common sense portion first since you don't use it anyway.

Taurus (Apr 20-May 20) How many times have you wished you had a couple more hnds to complete a project or task? Or maybe have eyes in the back of your head (for hind-sight). Well- we know specialized doctors can sew on arms and fingers- but that's only after one gets them ripped off (needy people). You're going to convince your doctors you need those additional appendogds to function in a higher capacity. In certain careers you should be able to demand twice the wage of your workmates and actually get somewhere in life.

Gemini (May 21-Jun 20) Two thumbs up say the critics "Sickle and fleeburnt". By far, one of the best shows this yer. Hell, if Brooke Shields can write a book about her days in college, so can you. (Don't worry, it wasn't a big seller.) Start with the trivial stuff like your introduction to UAS and build it up to How your friends actually helped teach you how to buy clothes and make meals for yourself. Those cute little survival techniques.

Cancer (Jun 20-Jul 22) Columbus proved the world wasn't flat. Now it's time for you to prove to the world that your head is not in a similar configuration. Reveal your bilingual skills and start speaking pig latin to everyone. Or master the rubity cube and dazzle those limp minds out there. No one is going to call you a flathead ever again. They may come up with some new names for you no doubt, but it won't be that. Come to think of it, I'll bet it closely resembles an egg. Ha ha!

Leo (Jul 23-Aug 22) It's interesting how you can connect your eyeballs to roll over upside down. You're looking at the world that way but nobody can tell just by looking at you. An interesting perspective and view to say the least. Isn't it also funny seeing so many others during the day who also look at life as you do. Hey- conventional ways of doing things don't always work so it is a great ability of yours to invest reality to find a solution. Don't believe that old adage that if you look crosseyed too much- you'll get stuck that way. Forget that notion.

Virgo (Aug 23-Sept 22) Not feeling too well these days? I know you're worrying about something. Your comparing yourself to a fresh road kill-hey, but the ravens haven't noticed you yet to pick you clean. Lift up your carcass and head for cover. You'll heal quick and before you know it, you're going to be better than you've ever been. Bumpers will consciously avoid you for the rest of your life. You have paid your dues.

Libra (Sept 23-Oct 23) You're going to be a trite sensitive this month. Don't let it bother you too much that people's words are not jiving with their actions or body language. Trust your own instincts. If someone annoys you to the extent you can't get it off your mind, here's a solution: Attack! Confront those individuals and start acting really weird- extremely weird! This should throw them off track. I know you have the capabilities to pull this off successfully.

Scorpio (Oct 24-Nov 22) Don't tell me. I know. You're so frustrated, if your mouth were big enough you'd like to bite the world in the ass. You wonder how there can be so many anal retentives in society and still have it function to some degree. Don't worry, you're not alone. Perhaps the field of proctology would be in order. That way you could get to know these retentives in hopes of understanding why they do what they do. Yeah, I know- you think I'm full of shit and you know what? I am. Right up to the brim.

Sagittarius (Nov 23-Dec 21) You will be entering Mourant Cafe sometime this week, when you will be struck by a powerful sense of deja vu. You will be entering Mourant Cafe sometime this week, when you will be struck by a powerful sense of deja vu. Whoa! That was weird. Anyway, your deja vu will make you feel like taking a walk. do it. The stars say that on your walk, you will have a very important meeting. I can't tell if this will be good or bad, so bring your penknife just in case. Clear your mind of abstract thoughts..breathe the fresh air deeply, and concentrate on the ship.

Capricorn (Dec 22-Jan 19) Broken down your name stands for this- Capri prefix corn suffix. Capri is a cas that stupid people with no money bought foolishly and corn, well, corn is a vegetable taht grows on a stalk. Ah yes. And, as all good premises, there must be a correct conclusion. Don't be stupid and buy corny cars, stay away from the stalk market and by all means, don't let yourself vegitate toko much.

Aquarius (Jan 20-Feb 19) Confucius say, "When you hide your head in a bubble, you can't pop your own zits." Now isn't that a shame. You can't even have others pop your zits for you. So burst that bubble you are living in and allow those two thumbd pinchers to work their way into your life. It will be like a new breath of fresh air. All your friends will come out of the woodwork just to pinch that "thing" you have on your shoulders. Now- isn't that special! Hey- dermatology might be an avenue. Besides, there's plenty blemishes you could delve into walking around Juneau.

*Varied landscapes barely touch awareness
Soaring eagles meeting whirling currents
Each one unto themselves, then one together
Playfulness needs neither facade nor desire.
Sharing pleasures for fun without thought of outcome
Preparing for heaven's admonishment
Did you give joy? Did you know bliss?*

-M. M. (J.)

One-line movie reviews

By Former Production Manager, computer geek,
South American culture-sampler and friend

Meet Joe Black

Death (the entity, not the state-of-being) possesses the body of a muscle-laden hunk so that a dying millionaire can teach him the joys and pains of life including, but not limited to: Free will, sex with his daughter, taxes and peanut butter.

or:

Death gets a boner and has to deal with it.

Jurassic Park

A chaos theorist gets the last laugh when a tubby, computer-hacker gives some realistic, blood-thirsty dinosaurs the opportunity to rampage after lawyers, scientists, and two annoying children.

The Lost World: Jurassic Park 2

A chaos theorist gets the last laugh when a scientific/military/financial firm's plan to bring a Tyrannosaurus Rex to the San Diego Zoo is thwarted by a nature photographer, a consequence-free eco-terrorist, and an annoying child.

Robocop

A left-for-dead police officer's life is saved by modern, medical technology while a kevlar-lined, titanium bodysuit and a computer-assisted, targeting system give him the motivation necessary to end a police strike; bring down a crooked, corporate CEO; and track down his assailants and kill them real good.

Weird Science

Two horny, teenagers use an archaic computer, magazine clippings, and women's underwear to create a perfect woman with magical powers which, despite the hinderences of the nerds' relatives, a redneck, and a couple jocks, enable her to change them from nerds into nerds with girlfriends.

Sixteen Candles

A high-school girl's 16th birthday seems to be in ruins due to a family wedding and a flagrant misuse of her underwear until a bizarre sequence of events leads her to find that perfect someone (with a porche) by the end of the day.



Photo courtesy Rose Merculief

Three ladies on a snowy day

COMPUTER LAB HOURS FOR SPRING BREAK

March 15-20

8 A.M. - 5 P.M.



-Magu Apella

UAS Classifieds

The next deadline is March 29 for submissions

How 'bout a kegger at student housing?

Needed: Trampy CA's to wash my dishes, etc. Call Wello @ 790-6434

Scott Jones' Ecuador project will be on display in the Library from March 11 to April 11.

For the Texans or Good Ol' Boys and Gals: Struggling actor needs to learn to lasso. Don't ask, just call James @ 790-1697

Desperately wanted: Powerful men and women of great courage with the love of truth burning inside their hearts to talk to the Whalesong staff and make this world a better place.

To anyone: Who the hell is One Hit Wonder?? Leave answer at the Whalesong for pick-up.

Looking for fat-ass women in the res hall. Inquire at G7

To Mike: Don't shave the 'burns!! --Your fans

For sale: Brand new GZC-300; 300 mhz, MMX. 2.16/32 MB/ 24X cd-rom SVGA with 4MB/ 56K modem; 3-D video, stereo sound \$700 Call 780-6570

Congratulations Josh on placing third in the Juneau Spring Tourney, from, your oversized athletic supporter

Wanted: 6-foot hand-blown glass bong. Needed immediately for intense sessions, doctor's orders. Call Cheech @ 790-6434

Wanted: 4 muzzles needed immediately for occupants of G-7. So those guys will shut the hell up. That means you, Jimmy!

Dis-enchanted romantic seeks willing partner with little to no expectations/demands to aid in successful rebound

Lost key, black key w/ a white bottle opener and a broken fuel key, if you have any info on the whereabouts of the KEY plz call #789-9112.

In the night I lived w/ a heart of hearts, a love of love, and one within one.

To Julianna: Soon, we shall catch the wild white horse for a spell of good luck. --Mondessa

Wanted: Man who likes turkey pot pies and WWF, and can drink more than his weight.

Man seeks uncommon woman who doesn't need detailed long term planning. Send reply to classifieds with a very small picture. ---Good Teeth

Thank you, Colyn, for doing what you could to help me track down the Chancellor story